COTTNUARIABLY IN ADVANCE, ON

Little by Little.

and play,
Little by little the longest day
And the longest life are passing away,
Passing without return—while so—
The new years come and the old years go.

MY LADY DISDAIN.

IT'S THE TRUTH THAT HURTS.

WESTON, W. VA., MONDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1873.

VOL. VII.

Mittle by Little,
When the new years come and the old years go
How, little by little, all things grow!
All things grow—and all decay—
Little by little passing away.
Little by little passing away.
Little by little, on fertile plain,
Bepen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun,
When the summer at last is done.
Little by little they ripes so.
As the new years come and the old years go,

were not that and the restant of many been really in danger of falling in love with a man who had neither station nor money.

Gabrielle was as brilliant and attractive during the remainder of the season as ever. Indeed, she was far more attractive, for the disappearance of Valmy left her free to divide her smiles and kindly words among the general crowd of her admirers. But there was a strange sort of anxiety every now and then in her eyes, its if she were always expecting some one who never came. For the first time in the whole of her bright life she was suffering mental pain. She had sometimes had headache, and had suffered from sorsthroat; and ahe had experienced disappointment about dresses and balls and suchlike; but she knew now for the first time what a heart-pang is.

Yet it was not much evidence of a developing soul which Gabrielle Ransome gave when, toward the close of the season, she consented to promise her hand to the richest and the least intellectual of all her admirers. The thing was done very suddenly. There seemed no apecial reason why she should now all at once encourage this gentleman, whom she had so long discouraged. She seemed to act as once who, having a disagreeable duty to do, suddenly starts up and rushes at the doing of it to get rid of it.

"Papa," said Gabrielle one day, coming up to her father with a flushed face and quivering lips, "I have promised Gervase Trenchard to marry him."

"Indeed, love? Well, I am delighted, of course. Gervase Trenchard is one of the richest men in the State; and he is a very good fellow, and all that; but, Gabrielle, had you any particular reason for singling out Trenchard?"

"Why do you ask, papa, when I have singled him out?"

chard?"

"Why do you ask, papa, when I have singled him out?"

"Because, child, you never seemed to me to care much about him."

"You dear papa, you don't understand the way of girls."

"Well, I suppose I don't, my love, Any one you choose, Gabrielle, is a welcome son-in-law to me. I only want to see you happy, and I hope you are very happy now."

see you happy, on the property of the part of the room. Her heart was too full—with happiness, perhaps—to hear any more. She hid herself in her own room, and manifested her happiness in tears and

My Lady Diadain was a brilliant usealy girl. Her real name was Garcielle Bansoms; but one of her admirriel bearsoms; but one of her admirrs, once called her My Lady Disdain, and Gabrielle was proud of the title, the treated most of her lovers with unconditional disdain when she happened of feel in the mood for thus rewarding heir devotion; and she felt flattered by he name which showed how well her sekless power was recognized.

Poor Engene Valsay was made to illustrate the force and the appropriateless of the title he had applied; for on in felt the full measure of a disdain rhich nearly crushed him.

It happened in this way, Gabrielle was the queen and goddess of a certain ashionable watering-place one summer, and Eugene Valmy was there. She had cel hims few times in New York, and was pleased with him because he was landsome and looked distingue and had French origin, and was, in short, a nersonage somewhat out of the common. But he was poor: a literary cribe of some sort or other, she hardly mow what. Individually, Eugene Valmy was a versatile, brilliant creature, the might possibly have made a 'name or himself if he could but have waited and thrown his soul into some one kind of work. But Valmy had not much of he "proud patience which the gods or," and he liked a bright and joyous life; and he made money as fast as he would, and spent if, his most laborious fifurts only just enabling him to keep lecently within the circumference of hat plittering circle of which My Lady Didain was the centre. Sometimes he tighed a little over the flying years which were bringing him nothing, and so looked sady forward into life, and segun to think that he must give up all appe of making a name, and to say to inthe fly the three was nothing a him. But from the time when Garrielle Ransome singled him out for a itile favorable notice he forgot all thout this, and floated in an exquisite little over the distinguish enerom the other—until the catastrophe lates. Here the second state of t

can I explain why she was angry with herself, not for the manner in which ashe had dismissed poor Yamly, but the heart of a fashionable young hady of the period. But I think that Gabrielle Ransome would have been less scornful in her manner to withink that Gabrielle Ransome would have been less scornful in her manner to withink that Gabrielle Ransome would have been less scornful in her manner to withink that Gabrielle Ransome would have been really in danger of falling in love with a man who had neither station nor money.

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woman sobbed. "Aly poor boy Stephen!"

Gabrielle sat beside her and took her hand, and soon learned her simple, sad story. The youth was her only son; he was a fisherman; he went out in his boat the night before last; a storm came on; he was drowned; the tide washed in his body. That was all. These things happen every slay where there are waves and fishermen. "Men must work, and women must weep."

"I knew something would happen," the old woman went on, relieved to have found a sympathetic ear. "He didn's eare for life any more; I think he wanted to die. His mother's love was not enough for him."

"Was he in love?" Gabrielle asked, gently, and still absorbed in wonder and painful emotion at the resemblance to the vanished Eugene Valmy.

"In love, ma'am? He was deceived, made a fool of by a vain creature, a thing with a pretty face—at least he thought her pretty; I didn't—and without a heart. She played with the boy, and set him mad, and then she threw him away because she got an offer from a man who owns a few boats and houses down yonder. She flung my son away; and when he tried to touch her with his words and his love, she only mocked him and treated him with scorn. He came home to me, and he said, "Mother, it's all over with me. I'll never be the same man again—I've got it right in the heart!" And so he wond to the said and the sea was rough, and he didn't take any care, I guess—and there he lies deal 'And she who drove him to it is now alive and merry! Well, Ged forgive he! O God, forgive all such creatures, who have no learts of their own, and play with the learts of me! My son! my boy Stephen!"

"O God, forgive all such women, indeed," said My Lady Disdain, with treatming aves.

But My Lady Disdain said, "Mr. Tyllany, when we last met I spoke in a manner which wounded you and shamed in me. I have learned to be sorry for it Will you forgive me? I have suffered mine. There was indeed a deep and media in the control of the work of the control of the work of the control of the work of the control o made a very narrow escape from sharing the fate of many others who bled on that occasion.

During these troublous times Mr. Jones passed through some terrible experiences. On one occasion he found himself suddenly surrounded by a band of some twenty-five savages, with leveled rifles aimed directly at him. The night was dark and gloomy. There was but an instant for thought, and that instant was improved by the imperilled hero to extricate himself from his perillous position. Quick as thought he dropped upon the grass among the brushwood, and propelled himself serpent-like under the bushes. This action for a moment disconcerted his would-be murderers, and, taking advantage of the confusion, he managed to crawl under the brush until the opportunity to rise presented itself, when, suddenly springing to his feet with the swiftness of an alarmed deer, he fled, and succeeded in eluding pursuit. On another occasion he was pursued by four well-armed Indians. The chances of escape seemed small, but Jones never was known to lose his presence of mind in the face of danger. Taking his chances, he received a round from his pursuers without harm, and then shot one, reached a ravine skirted by timber, and soon the only live Indian of the party was on his way back to disclose to the band to which he belonged the fate of his three comrades.

An Ohlo Giant.

Perils of Circus Men.

ulier Particulars of the Fight of Rob-inson's Neu in Texas--Scattering a Mob with Deadly Effect.

NO. 23.

the with Deatly Effect.

The report which we published, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, of a fight between John Robinson's circus and a gang of Texan roughs proves to have been correct. The following extract from a letter substantiates the other published accounts:

We had the most terrible fight I ever saw. There were over five hundred shots fired on both sides. The Gillies commenced it in the big show in the afternoon by one of them drawing a knife on Lowlow. He made that all right, though we did not show at night, and just as we were putting the rhinoeros in the cage they commenced shooting into our men. One of the canvas men was stabbed in the back, one was shot through the leg, one in the side, another through the tee, and still another in the heel. There is no telling how many were killed on the other side. They fired into our train with buckshot, which went through and through the beaste' cages, and four of the shot

They fired into our train with bucksnos, which went through and through the beasts' cages, and four of the shot struck the elephant. God knows if they will try and arrest the show or not. The men say they will die before they will be taken.

We all came very near losing our lives at Jacksonville, thirty-five miles from here. During the afternoon performance the canvax was crowded with people, when fifteen Texans came in during the third ect—bareback riding—and one of them sat down on the bank of the ring. Mr. Lowlow, our clown, politely told him to occupy one of the seats, as to remain in the position on the bank would scare the horses; but if the Texan refused and drew a knife, and Mr. Lowlow stepped away. During this time Mr. De Vere, a powerful man, belonging to the consert, stepped up and asked the Texan to go away from the ring, when the Texan trew a knife and attempted to stab De Vere, but he seized him by the arm that held the knife, and while struggling with him the other fourteen come to the reseue and took possession of the ring. You am imagine the disturbance and commotion caused by this act. Women and children acreamed, and a general rush was made to get out of the tent. This lasted about fifteen minutes, when overything seemingly quieted down, and the Mayor of the town saked us to go on with the circus, and we did so, but the worst of it was to come, as the roughs once more made their appearance and threatened to kill all the showmen.

Mr. J. Robinson gave orders not to show at night, but to load the stock and cages and try to leave the town before dark. The orders were obeyed, and about five o'clock in the afternoon, while the animal-me were engaged in pulling the rhinoceros cage on the flat car, the mole gathered more companions, and not thinking we were prepared for them, made a raid upon our men with knives and pistols. As this was going on Gill Robinson gave orders to show at night, but to load the stock and cages and try to leave the town before dark. The orders were obeyed, and about five o'

The Democrat.

ATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Christmas Trees.

We are all familiar with the conventional Christmas tree, the evergreens covered with toys, and splendent with war candles, icicles of glass, and balls of glittering metal. Such are hallowed by our memories of childhood, of parents' love, and of friends perbass no more. Many of us, too, are more or less acquainted with the sombre pines, firs, or spruces, which we adapt to our winter decorations, but few are aware how beautiful they appear in their forest homes.

To be sure, in summer we cannot but note the contrast between the lively greens of the deciduous trees, with their light and delicate spray, and the darker masses of the coniferous foliage. While ordinary trees, such as the elm, the maple, and the ods, allow their principal stems to dissolve, as it were, into branches, the great pine family, as a rule, subordinate the limbs to the main trunk, and assume a pyramidal form. By this labit, and their peculiar fructification, we can always distinguish them, varied as their different forms may be; but it is in winter that they are most noticeable, when they form the only green ornaments which nature retains in her costume. They seem to be given us in order that we may preserve our faith in the coming summer, and that we may not become totally diskeartened by the storms of winter and isolation.

and isolation.

It well repays one, after a snow-storm, to wander in the woods. It is there that the evergreens may be seen in their perfection. To the admiring eyes of waking childhood the highly ornamental Christmas tree cannot be more beautiful. The skeletons of the maples, beeches, and chestnuts, new seem mouraful enough; the more so, perhaps, from the fact that they still retain within their trembling grasp a handful of their summer leaves. But now is the holiday of the evergreens. They wade knee-deep in snow; they catch it as it falls, and weave of it the most wonderful coronets and garlands. If we shake hands with some familiar pine, the crystalized holy water falls upon us like a blessing. And how tasteful is the costume of these trees! Here is one, radiant with diamonds, defying the imitation of man; while another, near by, is clothed in bridal purity. As the cool breezes rock them to and for they join in a gladsome snowball frolie, and pelt each other playfully with the woolly whiteness. Their outline is distinct against the clear blue sky, which, with their concentration of foliage, gives them a certain aspect of majesty.

The pines, with their feathery foliage; the stately hemlocks, with their delicate tracery of leaves; the sombre junipers, and the arbor-vits, all present different forms of beauty, but there are other, humbler plants, used in our Christmas decorations, upon which it will be operated still lingering about their eare the caressing "Oreping Jenny" (a kind of Lycopodium), and the mountain-laurel. In place of the snowy masses with which the latter beautilies the month of June, are early lovely bunches of snow-flowers, the some diark; the caressing "Oreping Jenny" (a kind of Lycopodium), and the mountain-laurel. In place of the snowy masses with which the latter beautilies the month of June, are early lovely bunches of snow-flowers, the snow share and there may gather the red hips of the rose. But all these squaller plants the long to the summer months, and as this soason cannot compare